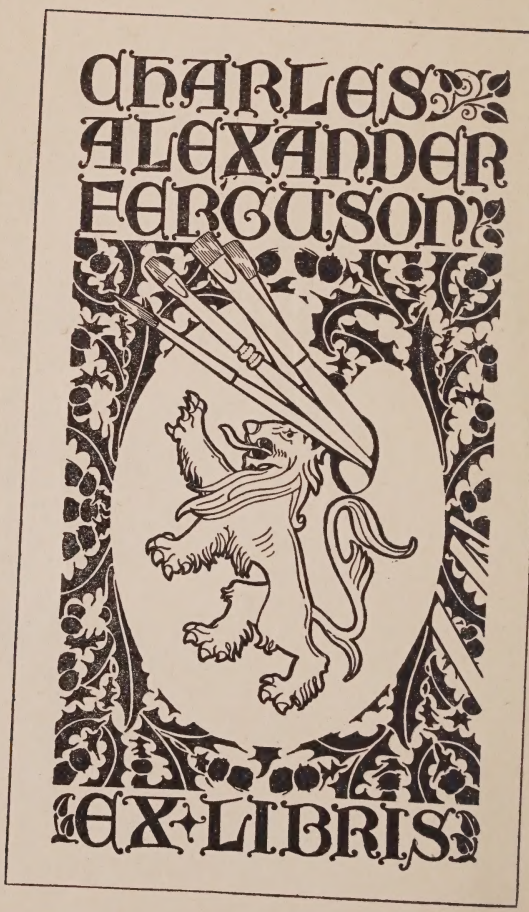
V. P. S.
CHAPBOOK

Number One



RB160.704

J.O

Charlie Ferguson
with the artist's compliments.
1925 Christmas.
L. E.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026 with funding from
University of Toronto

https://archive.org/details/threepoems00unse

THREE POEMS

250 copies of this booklet have been printed, of which this is No. 47

Copies may be had from the Secretary at 2590 Fifth Avenue West.

THREE POEMS

VANCOUVER, B. C.

Printed for the Vancouver Poetry Society by C.B.
at The Sign of the Raven.

SUMMER - MCMXXV

THE SPAN

By

ERNEST P. FEWSTER

THE SPAN

LIFE dashed my eyes with sunshine,
My face with dew;
My ears were glad with the song
of birds,
And through and through
Glittered the golden morning.
My slumber broke
I woke.

THE SPAN

Love touched my life with dreaming,
My heart with fire;
My lips drank deep of his fragrant wine,
His great desire.
Creation flashed on my spirit—
My kingdom gained
I reigned.

THE SPAN

Years smote my heart with winter,
  My nerves with rust;
They touched my ears with silence,
  My wine with must.
Death prest to my lips the poppy-head;
    Tasting I wept
    And slept.

ON THE HEIGHTS

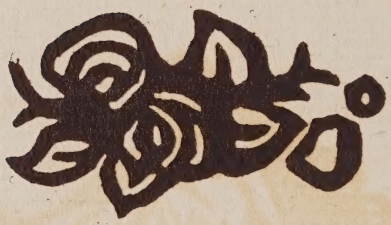
By

A. M. STEPHEN

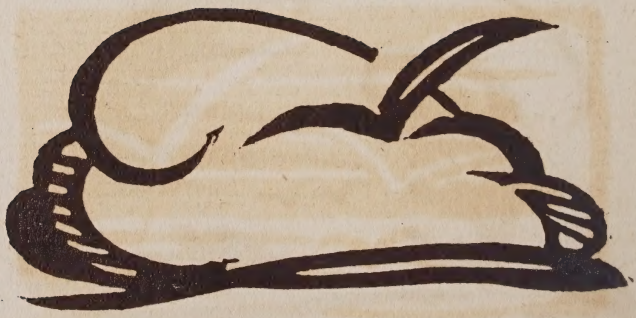
ON THE HEIGHTS

WIND of forthgoing,
Breath of the sea,
Lone on the headlands,
Wander with me.

ON THE HEIGHTS

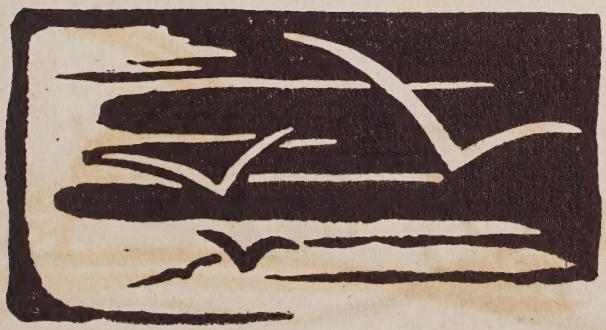


Voices are calling,
Low on the sands,
Roses are blowing,
Wan in white hands.

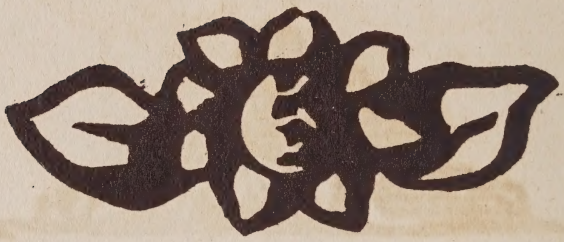


ON THE HEIGHTS

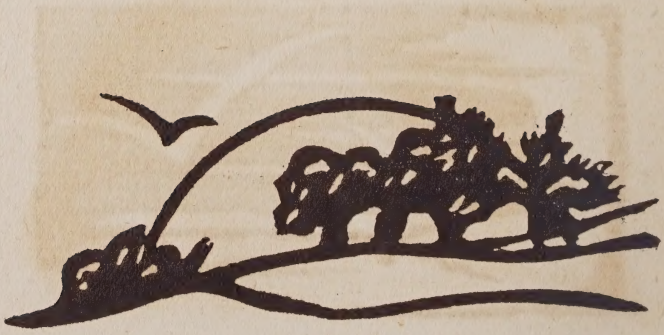
Lips, in remembrance,
  Lure me to sleep.
Phantoms of faces
  Gleam on the deep.



ON THE HEIGHTS



Love that would linger,
Twilight is gray.
Leave me my cliff-top,
Golden with day.



ON THE HEIGHTS

Wind of forthgoing,
  Breath of the sea,
Lone on the headlands,
  Wander with me.

ONE MORNING

By

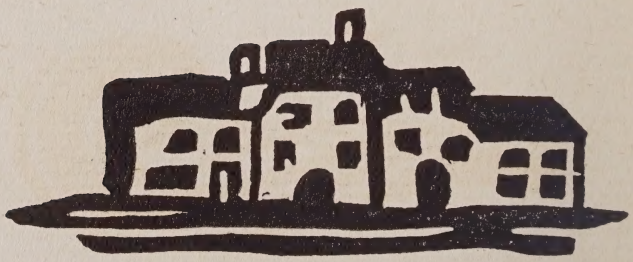
H. BROMLEY COLEMAN

ONE MORNING

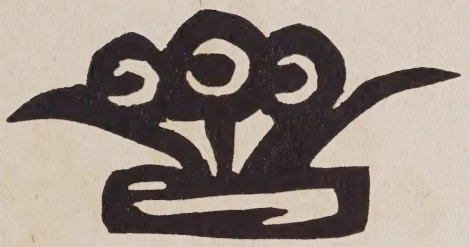
I REMEMBER—one hour
On the brink of morning,
I saw a woman
Swaying toward a tenement
Drunken with despair;

ONE MORNING

I saw a man
Whose eyes were harbors
Of hate and hunger;
I saw a little child
Searching the garbage
Like an eager sparrow;



ONE MORNING



I saw daffodils
On a market wagon
Swaying in the breeze,
While the clean breath of ocean
Swept along the street
As a clear benizon.

ONE MORNING

Then I remember
A miracle of dawn —
That touched the hair of the woman
With madonna gold,
That lent to the man
The mystery of Lucifer,
That surrounded the little child
With a garment of splendor . . .

ONE MORNING

The yellow daffodils were not so beautiful
As these bruised human flowers.

Kahgahgee, the Raven.

V
.P.S